
Title: Scarlett of Rhinemoor

Author: Dark Rose

There once was a poor
peasant girl. She was one
poorer than most, but
she had an optimism
nobody could ever
question. It was never a
feat for her to put a
smile on and even in the
worst of times, Scarlett
stayed as cheerful as
anyone would ever wish.
There was a boy this girl
fell in love with, twas
not long before fate had
it's way and they were
parted. Scarlett tried to
smile, but she couldn't.
Not a soul could change
this, not even her
parents. Poor Scarlett
seemed as miserable as
could be.
It wasn't long before she
found out that he had
inherited much land. The
man had become rich
beyond imagination because
his uncle, the Count of
Rhinemoor had fallen
victim to a most
unsightly illness. The poor
boy, as depressed as he
was, became happy at the
thought that he would
become richer than many.
That he, a young boy,
could be someone of
importance. That had been
his wish.
He never doubted himself
and became cocky as
ever. He didn't politely
greet people any longer.
He shoved them out of
the way and expected the
respect of a king
wherever he should go.
This young man, named

Jonathan, never even once
remembered the poor girl
who longed to see his
face so much. Scarlett
never slept, yet Sir
Jonathan slept on sheets
of silk. Young Scarlett
was deprived, yet Sir
Jonathan got anything he
could've ever dreamed of.
One was miserable, the
other was living the life
anyone could have ever
dreamed of.

One day, young Scarlett
got news of Sir
Jonathan's location and
set out on horseback to
find the young man and
tell her how things have
been going ever since the
day they parted.
The young man simply
dismissed her as soon as
she walked through the
door.

The two men he had
hired to guard the estate
asked what should be
done with her, and Sir
Jonathan dismissed the
sadness on her face and
sentenced her to death.
The guards had her
executed and the young
lady died, crying out the
egotistical boy's name.
Scarlett met her demise
because of what the
money and riches had
done to the boy. It
turned him into a foul
beast who fell in love
with himself and material
things.

This change costed the
life of the only one who
ever loved him. And he
never even thought about
the poor peasant girl
until the very day he lay
on his death bed. That
was the day he thought
about the young girl. He
asked the guards what
happened to her, and
Jonathan soon found out

that the very girl that he remembered on his deathbed was the very girl who he had sent to a miserable death. He died ruing that very moment, and he passed away with a tear in his eye. That shows you how much of a menace money can really be. It causes great joy to those who have much of it, but to those around them, it can sometimes cause grief and discontent beyond your imagination.